

A N

E S S A Y

O N

C A L U M N Y.

Humbly inscribed to his Royal Highness the

P R I N C E of W A L E S.

*Gladius Calumnia acutior, modo Gladius Calumniatorem
antevertat.* Mich. Apost. Adag.

L O N D O N :

Printed for J. ROBERTS, at the *Oxford Arms* in *War-
wick-lane.* M.DCC.XLIV.

[*Price One Shilling and Six-pence.*]

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ESSAYS

ON

CALUMNY

Humbly inscribed to



PRINCE OF WALES

Gloucester and Edinburgh, and Glasgow, Calcutta, Madras,

and Bombay.

LONDON:

Printed by J. Roberts, at the Office of the Editor, in New

Street, Strand.

[Price One Shilling and Sixpence]



ESSAY
ON
CALUMNY.



BRITANNIA, Queen of Isles, whose glo-
rious Name
Long fill'd the Voice of wide-resounding Fame!
By the remotest *Nations* once approv'd!
Thy *Vengeance* dreaded, as thy *Friendship* lov'd:
When *Conduct*, *Virtue*, *Prowess*, Hand in Hand,
Here fix'd their Seat, and blest'd the happy Land;
When fair *Religion* sweetly deign'd to smile,
And shed her Influence on her *fav'rite* Isle:
How would thy Glory, vanish'd now so long,
Glow in each Line, and animate my Song!

But now the *Muse*, constrain'd, in sadder Lays,
Points out the Cause, why *Britain's* Fame decays!

'Tis CALUMNY---before whose baneful Eyes,
Truth pines disgrac'd---and martyr'd *Credit* dies!

Offspring of *Hell*---the Foe of human Kind,
To *Pity* deaf---and to *Reflection* blind!

Ruling a *Heart*---which meanly floats between
Distrust and *Hope*! the Prey of cruel *Spleen*!

A *Tyrant-Vice*! which glories *not* to spare

The *Great*---the *Brave*---the *Virtuous*---or the *Fair*!
Blasts *Statesmen*, *Heroes*---ev'n th' anointed HEAD;

Pursues the *exil'd*---and disturbs the *dead*;

Whether her *Whispers* blight the Bud of Fame,

As Cankers at the fairest Blossoms aim:

Or with avow'd Revenge she wings the Dart

With *Envy* poison'd, at *confess'd* Desert---

Whether the *nameless* or *fictitious* Page

Convey the printed Venom thro' an Age,

Where ceaseless *Strife*---and *Party-Rage* prevails,

And best the Satire takes which wildest rails;

Whether by *Pen*---or garter'd *P*---

By *F*---g, *Wh*---d, or the *G*---

So Whores in Rags, or Velvet are the same,
In *Fashion* only differ—not in *Name*!

Should or some hungry—or some *pension'd* Thing
In groveling *Drama** ridicule his KING;
Or paint a B—th—p, holding out the Fee,
With *W—l—p—e* bart'ring for a RICH^{ER} See!
In doggrel *Farce* expose, by quibbling Arts,
Establish'd *Virtues*, and exalted *Parts*!
Call Wisdom *prostitute*—deem Honours *cheap*,
Only that WANT a small Répast may reap:
Or worse—by low *Invectives* void of Sense,
Betray his *Malice* at his *Wit's* Expence:

Yet say, while SLANDER thus extends her Reign,
How great *Imprudence* must our *Nation* stain?
How must the *Spanish Don*, and *Monsieur* smile
To see the boundless Licence of our Isle!
How greatly must such Practices expose
Our once wise *Britons* to surrounding Foes?
Where MAJESTY itself escapes not Wrongs,
Where princely Worth † endures the Gall of Tongues?
Where

* An infamous Libel and other Pieces published in the *Westminster Journal*.

† The Royal Family personally abused in a scandalous and obscene Pamphlet, intituled *Court Whispers*.

Where not *Imperial Beauty's* heavenly Grace
 Can stop *Detraction*, or repel *Disgrace*!
 Nor CAROLINA's deathless Virtues save
 Her injur'd *Fame*, or screen her *hallow'd Grave*!
 Tho' Time should let such monstrous *Libels* live,
 How shall our *wiser Sons* the Tale receive?
 Or shall they not, inspir'd with honest Rage,
 To just *Oblivion* doom the *lying Page*?
 By *Truth historic* wisely taught to view
Merit aspers'd, and pay it all its Due?
 While *Obloquy* shall mourn its blasted Aim,
 And suffering Virtue brighten into Fame!

Britannia's GENIUS! raise thy sacred Head,
 And on thy Sons a fairer Influence shed:
 O'er a corrupted Land new Warmth dispense,
 With PRUDENCE arm us, and endue with *Sense*!
 In Colours radiant, as the Beams of Day,
 The Charms of *Modesty*, and *Truth* display!
 These Sons of *Slander* awe, and bid them spare
Religion—Virtue—and the tender Fair!
 Teach them with soft Humanity to melt,
 Teach them to *feel* a Pleasure yet—*unfelt*!

Teach them the Temper of the gen'rous Mind,
 To *Merit* just, and to *Misfortune* kind;
 Which seeks not nicely others Faults to scan,
 But owns that *Frailty* is the *Lot* of Man!

Thy retrospective View sad BRITAIN cast
 On Woes endur'd, a Centu'ry scarcely past!
 When restless *Faction*, like a wint'ry Flood,
 Delug'd thy hapless Soil with *native* Blood;
 And yet how slender were the Causes, say,
 Which for the boundless Ruin pav'd the Way!
 As Rains unheeded o'er the Hills descend,
 And bursting thro' the rocky Channels tend:
 Till mingling they augmented Fury gain,
 Impetuous rushing o'er the fruitful Plain.
 So unperceiv'd were *Faction's* Springs conceal'd,
 Till by their mischievous *Effects* reveal'd!
 Disclos'd in *Rapine*, *Desolation*---*Fear*!
 The *Widow's* Anguish---and the *Orphan's* Tear!
 All that destructive *Anarchy* could bring,
 A ruin'd Country, and a SLAUGHTER'D KING!
 Shot from the Dark, as *now*, the *Libels* flew,
 And with rank Malice poyson'd---*deadly* flew!

So from curst *Lybia's* Sands the *Aspicks* steal,
 Unseen – and bite the careless Wand'rer's Heel;
 Who feels the Wound, and turning with Surprise,
 Looks for his Foe around, and *looking* – dies!

Say, faithful *Muse*! how *Slander* circles round,
 And like a Whirlwind blasts the suff'ring Ground!
 From her Contagion epidemic see
 What *Place* is sacred – or what *Person* free?
 With equal Spite – and equal Impotence
 She blackens *Virtue* – and debases *Sense*!
 Yon *Circle* view, the Pride of modern Taste,
 Who *China's* Sweets exhale, – polite Repast!
 And mark how CALUMNY unseen surveys
 Her *Shrine*, – and takes the Incense *Envy* pays!
 What grateful *Victims* on her *Altars* smoke!
 What martyr'd *Virtues* bleed at every Stroke!
 Hark! how the Rites begin! fond *Bevil* cries,
 “ *Stella!* blest Fair! how charming are her Eyes!
 “ Heav'ns! such a Shape and Air! such virgin – Shame
 “ Enough the coldest Hermit to inflame!
 “ She moves, she looks, she shines, like *Beauty's* Queen,
 “ And yet the Charmer loves not to be seen.

" Is she your Fair! *Melanthe* quick replies,

" 'Tis strange — but some have got the oddest Eyes!"

Dorinda interrupts — " if she might aim

" To guess this wond'rous Object of his Flame!

" This *Truth* might say — to do the *Lady* Right,

" She was but wise in keeping out of Sight:"

Next *Cloe* whispers — " Quite an aukward Mein!

" The most unpolish'd Creature ever seen!

" No Novice tho' (adds *Miss*) if you knew all!

" Last Week — till two — with *Courtly* — at the Ball!"

To *Stella's* Charge, by each, some Fault was laid,

To every *Grace* some nice *Exception* made;

Till she, the most deserving of her Kind,

Was stript of every Charm of Face — and Mind!

Eugenio next was summon'd on the Stage,

Whose *Virtues* are the *Wonder* of our Age!

Blest with each graceful Quality can please,

Accomplish'd Manners with *becoming* Ease:

" An honest Man — they all *admit* — that's true!

" No *Rake* — no *Fool* — at least for what *they* knew;

" But then his *Birth* was mean, nor *Fortune* clear,

" His Wife redeem'd a — thousand Pounds a Year;

" The

"The Man might pass!—his Look was well enough,

"To trumpet out his Praise—was horrid Stuff!"

Is *Freeport* mention'd? who, for honest Gain,
Adventures largely on the dang'rous Main!

"*Freeport*! cries *Cotta*! is he your *Cashier*!

"Then whispers that—a *Bankruptcy* was near!

"The Hint receiv'd new—propagated flies,

"And honest *Freeport*'s dearest Credit dies!"

So CALUMNY destroys—the Good—the Fair—

As Flow'rets droop beneath too keen an Air.

O'er their chaste Sweets the noxious *Vapours* play,

And all the fair *Creation* dies away!

O could the *Spring* be purg'd! whence *Slanders* flow!

Be purg'd by *me*—then to the *Muse* should owe

(While from *Disgrace* she snatch'd each injur'd Name)

New *Toasts* their Beauty—and new *Bards* their Fame!

But chief, ye Sons of *Defamation* spare

The *TRADER*'s tender Name—and *Worth* revere.

Shall he, who best deserves his Country's Praise,

Whose Toils are meant her *Wealth*—her *Fame* to raise!

Whose *Commerce* on remotest Regions beams,

And brings the World's wide Homage to the *Thames*!

Equivalent whose *Bills* in *Traffick* hold
 With *Asia's* Diamonds, and *Peruvia's* Gold :
 Shall he, from the vile Whispers of a Foe,
 Mourn his lost Honours, and his Trade forego ?
 Alas ! if Slanders so victorious run,
 The richest Merchant soon may be undone !
 See *Credit*, like the *Syrian Cedar*, rise !
 And shoot her tow'ring Branches to the Skies !
 In her proud Top a thousand *Nests* are made,
 The *Flocks* securely rest beneath her Shade ;
 Yet mark, *unseen*, some noxious *Reptile* prey
 On her firm Roots, and eat her *Strength* away ;
 Her *Sap* decays, her beaut'ous *Bloom* is o'er,
 And undermin'd she falls—to rise no more !

Fain would the *Muse* descriptive now impart
 The cunning *Sland'rer's* multifarious Art !
 Could her strong *Satire*, like his Malice keen,
 The Villain trace thro' every *mystic* Scene.
 Where darkling *Mischief* views her *Viper Brood*,
 Betray the *Innocent*, or sting the *Good* !
 Could she unmask the *Knave*, as hid he lies
 By *Falshood* veil'd in *Friendship's* fair Disguise !

Acting the busy — the deceitful Part,
 And gilding Treachery with specious Art!
 Hark! from his fluent Tongue, bedipt in Oil,
 Flow *Vows---Oaths---Prayers---* and all the Train of *Guile*,
 While *Flattery* strong inforces the Deceit,
Flattery! — whose *Syren Songs* the *wise* can cheat!
 See how he watches the instructive Eyes,
 And courts the *Passions* as by Turns they rise!
 To this---to that accommodates his Mein,
 While as *they* shift — *he* varies still the Scene!
 Studious the leading *Passion* hence to find,
 And steal the *Master-key* that rules the Mind;
 As in some Siege the *Engineer* with Art
 The Fortrefs views to mark the *weakest* Part.
 Say — “*Clodio* does to *Poesy* incline,”
 He answers — “*Varus* laughs at every Line.”
 Call *Marcian* pious — “strait the *Villain* cries,
 “What he a Saint? who *Providence* denies!
 Nor can you male or female *Virtue* name,
 But quick his *Malice* glances at their *Fame!*

Justly to paint the *Wretch* my Numbers fail,
 Let *Thought* persue him in the sequent TALE.

Where

Where yon gay *Villa* courts the wond'ring Eyes,
 Whose rising Turrets glitter in the Skies,
 Once *Worthy* liv'd, of Men the happiest — best,
 With *Wealth*, with *Virtue*, *Friendship*, *Beauty* blest —
 Blest in the two supremest Joys of Life,
 A valuable *Friend* — and faithful *Wife*!
 What Sweets he tasted in his peaceful Bow'rs!
 While *Manly* and *Belinda* shar'd his Hours!
 But Bliss excessive soonest fleets away,
 As noblest Fruits are aptest to decay.
 Scarce twice six Times Night's silver-shining Queen
 Renew'd her Light, and deck'd the happy Scene;
 Ere *Vafer*'s Whispers poison'd *Worthy*'s Ear,
 With mystic Hints of *Manly* to beware!
 “ Your Wife he ogld — kiss'd her in the Dance!
 “ 'Tis said she paid the Kindness with a Glance!
 “ So *Rumour* tells — I don't aver it true!
 “ Nor would repeat — but in Regard to you!
 “ Honour is tender — and Disgrace is catching;
 “ The chastest Wife is ne'er the worse for watching!”
Worthy now jealous burns — the Seeds of Strife
Vafer improves — till *Worthy* hates his Wife!

Nor here the Villain's dark Intentions end,
 For *Worthy* vows Revenge against his *Friend*!
 O'er his *late* happy Mind black Horrors creep,
 And dreadful Visions haunt his murder'd Sleep:
Friendship no more his generous Bosom warms;
Beauty and *Truth* have lost their wonted Charms:
 One hapless Day, in this distemper'd Frame,
 It chanc'd his *Friend*, the honest *Manly*, came!
 With all the Freedom of a once lov'd Guest,
 He ran---and clasp'd his *Worthy* to his Breast:
 " My Friend! he cries, what Cares perplex thy Heart?
 " Hast thou a Grief---and shall not I have Part?"
 Unhappy Youth! alas thou little know'st
 The *Passion* nourish'd---at thy deadly Cost!
 " Yes take thy Part---the fullen *Worthy* cries,
 " Fly from thy Fate ere yet my Rage arise!
 " I dash thee off---thus from my *Friendship* torn,
 " No more my *Bosom-Partner*---but my *Scorn*!
 " Thou treacherous *Villain*! whose Attempts have strove
 " To taint my *Honour* with *adulterous* Love!"
 As sudden Thunders shock the heav'nly Sphere,
 So flew the dreadful Charge to *Manly's* Ear.

But,

But, calling *Patience* up to *Reason's* Side,
 In gentle Terms he calmly thus reply'd :--
 " Let *Rage* subside ! to *Truth* Attention lend,
 " Untouch'd your *Honour* — think me still your *Friend*;
 " Spotless as Angels is your faithful *Wife*,
 " Some *Dæmon* rais'd from *Hell* provokes this Strife :"
 Deaf — as his jealous Breast with Fury burns,
 " 'Tis false — 'tis false ! the Husband wild returns !
 " Nor want I Tokens of your lawless Bliss,
 " The *conscious* Whisper — and the *stolen* Kifs !
 " But since thy Fraud can parley with my Rage,
 " Draw — let thy Blood my just *Revenge* assuage ;
 " And try, advent'rous, if thy *Arm* can boast
 " To save the Life — thy *Perfidy* has lost !
 So said — his Weapon glitters to the Eye,
 Nor leaves his *Friend* a Moment for Reply !
 By *Nature* urg'd to guard his menac'd Life,
 Manly, awhile, defensive meets the Strife ;
 But wounded, all his mounting Spirits blaze ;
 And mutual Passion Wound for Wound repays !
 Till both in purple Torrents yield their Breath,
 Killing and kill'd — such *Enmity* in *Death* !

E

Think,

Think, when the Tydings reach'd *Belinda's* Ear,
 What dreadful Pangs her faithful Bosom tear?
 She rends her Hair — and gives a Loose to Grief,
 Too wild her Sorrows to be taught Relief!
 On her wan Cheek eternal Sadness preys,
 Her Voice grows feeble — and her Bloom decays!
 Her Mind the Change unable to sustain,
 From *Bliss* excessive — to excessive *Pain*!
 Thro' lone Apartments — now no more her Pride!
 See dumb with Woe — the lovely *Phantom* glide!
 Till Death, unfelt, bid every Sigh be o'er,
 She died *indeed* — when *Worthy* died before.

So when (destroy'd by some disastrous Fate,)
 The *Turtle* finds detain'd her faithful Mate,
 She sits forlorn — forsakes her wonted Food,
 Her plaintive Notes re-echo thro' the Wood,
 Silence attentive listens to her Moan,
 That tells the Partner of her Soul is gone!

Pleas'd with these Trophies which her Arts have won,
 See CALUMNY advance, and court the *Throne*;

Enter

Enter the *Palace*! high exulting there
 To taint the *Statesman's* Heart--and *Monarch's* Ear!
Ambition meets her with assenting Air,
 And trusts her *Realms* to her Vicegerent-Care.
 From her exhaustless *Treasury* of *Lies*,
 Her *Care* with *News* the little *World* supplies;
 Pleas'd she beholds the Wonders of her Reign,
 Where *Flatt'ries* varnish, and where *Slanders* stain;
 Where dawning Hope attracted views afar
 The tempting *Ribband*--and deceitful *Star*!
 Where the strong Lust of aiming to be great
 Renews its *Labours* to enjoy the *Cheat*.:
 While couch'd in *Whispers* endless *Slanders* roll,
 And *Smiles* but hide the *Rancour* of the *Soul*;
 There watchful *Envy*, with incessant *Spite*,
 Views rising *Merit*--but to damp its *Flight*;
 As practis'd *Artists*, studious, foin and pass,
 Intent to wound you in the weakest Place;
 So *Envy* plies her undermining *Art*,
Perplexes--*fawns*--*asperges*--all to thwart;
 Around the Mischief-loving *Dæmon* flies,
Blasts with her *Tongue*, and murders with her *Eyes*!

O'er

O'er every *Virtue* casts her noxious Shade,
And triumphs in the Ruin she has made.

Is there in whom superior Talents shine?
Such as, distinguish'd * * * were thine!
Whom *Worth* to highest *Honours* joys to raise
To just *Esteem* and universal *Praise*!
Friend to his *Country*--by his *Prince* belov'd!
By *Envy*, *Envy* only, disapprov'd.
See CALUMNY her keenest Shafts employ,
Or to remove the *Fav'rite*--or destroy.
Such still will be *exalted Virtue's* Case,
So * * * nobly gave up every Place;
One only *Pleasure* still his blameless *Boast*--
The *Pleasure* to befriend his *Country* lost!
A *Patriot* still! whom equal Rays adorn
In *Honour's Evening*--as in *Glory's Morn*:
So shines retiring *Worth* with native Light,
As *Diamonds* glitter brightest in the *Night*!
Oh could I sing! as once *Apelles* drew!
In kindred Art the Piece should charm anew;
Like his immortal Strokes, secure from Age,
My Thoughts should charm, my Numbers should engage;

Strongly

Strongly depictur'd by the Painter's Art,
 Then shou'd his *moral Picture* strike the *Heart*.
 Set on his Throne there shines a Prince who wears
 On his *disfigur'd* Head the *Ass's* Ears;
 At Distance CALUMNY appears in Sight,
 Whom with inviting Mien his Looks invite;
 While drawn in proper Form on either Hand,
 Two *Maidens* in attending Posture stand,
Blar-ey'd Suspicion fearful of the Light,
 And stupid *Ignorance* quite void of *Sight*!
 Advancing slowly, with majestick Pace,
 The *Goddeſs* darts around consummate Grace;
 Deep in her *Breast* conflicting Passions reign,
 Big-swelling Rage distending every Vein.
 High in her *Hand* a *Taper* sheds its Rays,
 Now half extinct—now mounting in a Blaze:
 While with her *Right* she drags a * *Captive Youth*,
 Attesting every *Pow'r* to speak his *Truth*;

F

Before

* *Appelles* of *Ephesus*, who was accused of being concerned in the Conspiracy of *Theodotus* at *Tyre*; tho' he had never so much as seen *Tyre*, nor knew any thing of *Theodotus*, but that he was *Ptolemy's* Governor of *Phœnicia*; yet *Antipbilus*, another Painter, who had much the King's Ear, out of Envy accused him to *Ptolemy*, as being one of the Conspirators, and that it was by the Advice of *Apelles* that *Tyre* had revolted. *Ptolemy* was so provoked by this Calumny, that had not one of the Conspirators, who were taken, declared that *Apelles* was no Way privy to the Design, he had been beheaded. *Apelles*, being struck with the Reflection on the Danger he had escaped, express'd his Resentment in the above Manner.

Before her, meagre *Envy* stalks in *View*,
 Her *Limbs distorted*, and her *Look askew*!
 Two other *Forms* behind the *Goddeſs* wait,
 Who ſpread her *Robes*, and ſettle ev'ry *Plait*;
 While *Artifice* preſents the *Mirror* wrought
 To *hide* each *Grace*—and *heighten* every *Fault*:
 In melancholy *Mood*, her *Feet* all bare,
 With *tatter'd Garments*—and *diſhevell'd Hair*!
Repentance following trod the *painted Ground*,
 And with retorted *Aspect* look'd around,
 (The pearly *Sorrows* ſtealing down her *Face*)
 On *Truth* ſhe look'd *approaching* now with *Grace*:
 Her *Beauty* all the *Pomp* of *Sorrow* wears,
 And ſhines upon him thro' a *Flood* of *Tears*!

* * * * *

* * * * *

But now progreſſive let the *Muſe* rehearſe
 The Aids which *CALUMNY* derives from *Verſe*.

Imp'd with *Poetic* *Pinions* when ſhe flies,
 “In every *Line* a *Reputation* dies.”
 Strange *Pow'r* of heavenly *Lays*, and tuneful *Sound*
 Which wings, like *Light'ning*, the deſtructive *Wound*,

As

As Weapons polish'd by the Artist's Skill,
 Only with greater *Certainty* to kill!
 Yet *Satire* has at best no generous Aim,
 Dull is the *Versè* that wounds another's *Fame*!
 Should even then the *Homer* of our Age
 Distain with *Scandal* his *immortal* Page;
 Ill-nature would *his* Genius half disarm,
 And with diminish'd Grace *his* Numbers charm!

But when weak *Ridicule* would *Worth* expose,
 With lasting *Infamy* her *Malice* glows;
 And, strong repuls'd, the ill-directed Dart
 Flies back—and strikes the vile *Detractor's* Heart.
 Thus when the scurrile Page appears confess'd,
 In the foul Robes of *Defamation* dress'd,
 And points at virtuous Dignity the Sting,
 To blast the *Patriot*—or defame the KING;
 Like the vile *Reptile*, whom our Eyes disdain,
 Mean is the *Obloquy*—the *Malice* vain!
 To * G—, say, is flower *Genius* given?
 Poor is the *Satire*, which reflects on Heaven!

Is

* The Epithet *leaden* was modestly applied to a Rev. Prelate by the Author of the last
Dunciad.

Is *Clodio* dull? yet *Scripture* gives the Rule,
 "It is a Sin to call our Neighbour Fool!"
 Should *Cælia* chance to slip – and stain her Fame,
 What tender Bard would propagate her Shame?
 Or, should * a *B—n* err from chaster Ways,
 With Nature's Blemishes pollute his Lays?
 Since, mix'd with deathless Song, each injur'd Name
 Must taint the sickly Breath of dying Fame.

From pers'nal *Satire*, view *YOUNG*'s chaster Page
 Expatiate free, to bless and mend the Age,
 Where the pleas'd Eye no Defamation sees,
 Where well the *CHRISTIAN* with the *Bard* agrees;
 While he, with Heart humane, and Wit well-bred,
 Smiles, in his Lays, prevailing Folly dead!

Proceed, fond *Muse*! exert a bolder Wing,
 And *Slander* trace to her remoter Spring:
 Pursue the Windings of her busy Art,
 And shew her seated on her *Throne* – the *Heart*!
 Where *CURIOSITY*, with *Argus*' Eyes,
 The *Goddeß* with *Intelligence* supplies:

Attendant

† A vile Satire intitled *Lancelot*, &c. highly reflecting on the late A.B—p of *York*.

Attendant too *Credulity* appears
 With *Idiot-Aspect*—but *retentive* Ears.
 While dark Suspicion with a studious Eye
 Her *Varnish* lends, and stamps the minted Lye!

Has *Searoom* lost a Ship? she blazons forth
 The Loss as mounting to his *total* Worth:
 From Ear to Ear the slanderous Tale prevails,
 And, tho' as *Cræsus* wealthy—*Searoom* fails!

On *Bevil* late unguarded *Chloe* smil'd,
 Quick the Friend whispers—"Chloe is with Child!"
 So Novelty endears the Voice of Spite,
 The freshest *Scandals* yield the most Delight;
 As golden Fruits, just gather'd from the Field,
 Supply most Juice, and richer Flavour yield.

See * * *, whose prevailing Vice is *Pride*,
 Quick to discover *Faults*---but not to *hide*;
 Loudly he contradicts the *Voice* of *Fame*,
 Nor can you name a *Virtue* free from *Blame*.
 Has *Varus* Faults?---they ask a *Lynx's* Eyes!
 Yet * * * marks them! every Foible spies!

And then applauds his penetrating View,
For what, beside himself, no Mortal knew.

Say what's *Amelia's* chief Infirmary;
Passion or *Pride*! from these is *Daphne* free?
Loud she reveals it, with a tacit Aim
To praise *herself*! and sink her *Rival's* Fame.

Does Indiscretion stain *Orinda's* Name,
View *Omnimanche*, join'd in equal Blame,
Zealous the Flaw to heighten---and when known,
Orinda's Weakness plead---t' excuse her own.
As *Bubbles*, ruin'd by disast'rous Play,
Turn *Bites*, and make *Necessity* their Plea:

Of equal Gifts possess'd---in equal Age,
*P * * ** and *B * * ** tread the World's high Stage;
His Merits *this* to foremost Honours raise,
And *Envy* silent listens to his Praise;
The crimson'd *Coronet* his Worth rewards;
His generous Heart the *Silver Radiance* guards,
While *P * * ** a humble *Commoner* remains,
And jealous views the *Prize* his *Rival* gains!

As if the Lustre of *another's* Fame
 Serv'd to eclipse his *un-ennobl'd* Name,
 Are *B * * ** Acts in fairest Light displaid,
 'Tis still *P * * ** envious Province to upbraid.
 Not that *he* hopes *superior* Parts to hide,
 But that his *own Importance* may be spied!

Of all the Springs whence *Scandal* draws *Supplies*,
 The least is not---the *Itch of seeming wise*!
Vain Wit is still the Foe of noblest *Fame*,
 And points its *Malice* at the greatest *Name*.
 On one of vulgar Note th' injurious Tale,
Libel--or *Satire*--finds its Influence fail:
 So *Scandal* aims her Flight at *Eminence*,
 At publik *Virtue* -- or distinguish'd *Sense* ;
 Then busy *Fame* each pointed Arrow wings,
 The *Libel* catches -- and the *Satire* stings:
 Whether *ill-natur'd* Joy to see the great
 Aspers'd, -- gives *Ridicule* a double Weight;
 Or *Pride* exults to see them taken down,
 Their *Characters* so levell'd with our own!
 Whate'er the *Cause* -- th' Effect is still the *same*,
 While *Slander* triumphs in the *Spoils of Fame*.

But

But say, does *Virtue* highest *Honour* claim?
 Is *Worth* intitl'd to acknowledg'd Fame?
 Alone can *publick Faith* to *Nations* give
Stability – or bid their *Commerce* live.
 By every Subject high Esteem exprest,
 The genuine Tribute of a *loyal* Breast;
 By *foreign States*, whom they protect or aid,
 Decent Respect, in due Proportion, paid!

He, who by *Faction* fir'd – or *Interest* sway'd,
 Vents his low *Malice* at his SOVEREIGN'S Head:
 Disguises *Credit* like a Bankrupt drest,
 And meanly treats *Religion* as a Jest;
 What can Reflection call him but a *Tool*?
 Or *Vice's* *Champion* – or *Ambition's* *Fool*?
 Such are the Scriblers which infest our Isle,
 The many-headed Spawn of Freedom's *Nile*?
 Whose vile *Invectives*, and licentious Views
 Forfeit the Blessings which they so abuse.
 As he, who vilifies the *solar Ray*,
 Should stand excluded from the Joys of Day!

And

And shall these *Frogs* whose constant Croakings ring
To *Heaven*, and ask of *Jove* another KING.

Out from their *Hills* or *Bogs* shall then a *Crew*

Whom *Scotia* — and *Hibernia* gladly spew —

Out-casts of *Fortune*! — void of *Lot* or *Stake*,

The 'Squire imprison'd — or the needy Rake;

The rhyming Tenants of the *Fleet* — or *Mint*,

Whom *Want* — or *Madness* stimulate to print.

Shall these for Censors pass? New Systems draw?

Reform Religion---and re-mould the Law?

Shall their quotidian Libels spread abroad,

Their KING dishonour---and deny their GOD?

With Cow'rdice tax their *Country's* warlike Fame?

Deride her Councils---and her Conduct blame?

When the loud Storm defaces all the Deep,

Say, will the wise experienc'd *Pilot* sleep?

No! watchful, then, the steady Helm he plies,

From Danger keeps, and guards against Surprise.

Such faucy Insults can a SENATE bear,

And the base Villain's Front no *Stigma* wear?

Yes! awful let impartial Justice stand,

The sacred Guardian of our happy Land!

Poife her juſt *Scales*—her radiant *Sword* diſplay,
And chaſe theſe *Peſts* of *human Kind* away!

Britannia wake! review thy preſent Scene!
And let thy antient Spirit live again!
Unbiaſ'd hark to *Truth's*, to *Reason's* Lore,
And let untainted Conſcience rule once more!
Inſtruct you—if a PRINCE can well maintain,
However good, a peaceful happy Reign
O'er Subjects taught to hate his very Name,
Inſult his *Perſon*—and belie his *Fame*!
Let every Seed of flumb'ring Worth aſcend
Wiſdom to grace—and Valour to defend!
Till like *Eliza's*, an *Augustus'* Reign
Awes all the Continent,---and rules the Main!

But ſtop my Muſe! for Punishment you plead,
Nor hear the Thunders burſting round your Head!
See leagu'd at once the hireling Throngs engage,
And hiſs their *Venom* at thy loyal *Page*!
She bids me ſtill aſſert the noble Cauſe,
And rouse the great Aſſerters of our Laws!
Boldly correct the intemp'rate Tongue and Pen,
And only court the Praise of virtuous Men!

Since to revile the PRINCE, she bids me own,
 Is but another Way to sap his Throne;
 Rebellion in Disguise---but gentler Jars,
 The common Prelude to domestick Wars,
 Which raging bid us draw the civil Sword,
 And to the Throne invite a foreign *Lord*!
 Avaunt, ye *Insects*!--who presumptuous grown
 Deep undermine the State---and brave the Throne.

Then should *Britannia*, once with Glory crown'd,
 Retrieve her Credit---be again renown'd!
 Blest in *Augustus*, should diffuse her Rays,
 To distant Climates---and to future Days!
 Wide as the Billows roll that guard her Coast,
 And long as *Time* his antient Reign shall boast!

In Arms victorious, or in Councils wise,
 On GEORGE see *Europe* anxious turn her Eyes!
 Belov'd at Home---or dreaded on the *Rhine*,
 View him, like *Alfred* plan, like *Edward*, shine!
 His righteous Sword no false Ambition draws,
 He arms in *Virtue's*---and in *Freedom's* Cause:
 To him an injur'd Queen her Safety owes,
 And grateful forms the Wreath to crown his Brows!

While the proud *Gaul*, who, with usurping Aim,
 O'er fair *Germania* spreads the hostile *Flame*,
 Retiring now the just Avenger dreads,
 And in his fenced Limits pale recedes;
 There, mindful of the late incrimson'd *Maine*,
 He meditates Revenge--and arms the *Seine*:
 His numerous Squadrons blacken *Flandria's* Coast;
 * *Vengeance! Invasion! Conquest* are his Boast!
 Wild *Menaces!* vain Projects while he forms,
 Heav'n guards *Britannia's* Shore with † friendly Storms:
 In *George's* Cause the Elements unite,
 And *Nature's* Self defends his sacred Right!
 While *Britain*, shielded by his golden Ray,
 Defies the Tempest--and enjoys the Day!
 Distinguish'd *Prince!* thy Plenitude of Fame
 Can no accumulated Honours claim;
 In vain the Painter's Toil--the Poet's Lays
 Thy Virtues to describe--or sing thy Praise!
 The Annalist's laborious Study vain
 To equalize the Glories of thy *Reign!*
 When Time shall eat each Mark of Fame away,
 The Marble moulder!--and the Brass decay!

* Alluding to the threatned Invasion.

† To the late Storm.

The sculptur'd Trophy sink defac'd in Dust,
 The Gilding vanish--and th' Incription rust!
 Yet then shall Virtue make thy *ÆRA* known,
 And gild with greater Splendors thy Renown:
 Beyond the Reach of Envy's feeble Spite,
 Thy *Worth* shall shine confess'd in blameless *Light*!

F I N I S.



[30]

The sculptur'd Trophy lies deposed in Dust,
The Gilding vanishes, and the Inscription rusts;
Yet then shall Virtue make thy Name known,
And gild with greater Splendour thy Namestone:
Beyond the Reach of Envy's local spite,
Thy Words shall shine in Immortality's Light!



E I W I S

